

coincidental encounters

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Summary: "Fast steps led her through the streets, unable to speed up any more than this. Her boots and pants were already drenched with muddy water that was pooling on the ground from yesterday's sudden rainfall. However, she couldn't afford to pay any attention to it, seeing as she was already late as she was" this is a oneshot about the big four but mainly narrated by Merida

coincidental encounters

hello out there (: this is my first real story ever^^ I'm relieved I finally managed to finish this- it was a great piece of work
-.-

well, here it is (: It is currently marked completed cause I don't really plan to continue it, just letting stay a oneshot. Well, I might, maybe not, no promises.

Before I forget, I'd like to thank rezdeignDA for her advice to help me get ideas. It really helped, thanks! (;

Please enjoy (:

* * *

><p>Coincidental Encounter_

_Hurry. Hurry! _

Fast steps led her through the streets, unable to speed up any more than this. Her boots and pants were already drenched with muddy water that was pooling on the ground from yesterday's sudden rainfall. However, she couldn't afford to pay any attention to it, seeing as she was already late as she was.

She shortly allowed her eyes to leave the long road ahead of her to look at her watch, which caused her to almost bump into

someone.

Why the hell is the city this crowded already this early in the morning!?!

But as fast as she was she still managed to do a quick dodge maneuver by quickly turning to her left side and barely preventing from knocking that person down. She would never admit it, but the fact that her face just barely missed the street sign to her left was pure luck.

"sorry" , she called without looking back, fearing she might run into something again. She couldn't see the eyes of that person, filled with amazement of that small maneuver.

Ignoring the curious stares from people she passed by at high speed she could only concentrate on the end of the road. Again she looked at her watch, without running into someone or something this time, reminding herself of how late she actually was.

_They are going to kill me! _

Finally reaching the taxi car, that would bring her to her destination, she quickly handed her luggage to the taxi driver for it to be stowed in the trunk. Then she climbed on the back seat and was finally able to catch her breath.

"156 Avenue, Golden Star Hotel" she managed to say between huffs, receiving a nod from the driver.

She could hear the engine being started and the car started moving, swiftly driving down the street. Only now she noticed how much her feet actually hurt. An annoyed sigh escaped her mouth.

If they hadn't called me for this stupid "emergency meeting" I'd be sweetly dreaming in bed right now.

Not that she didn't like her job, she did, very much so. She had sacrificed all of her private life just to do well at her job. She didn't mind at all, she loved her work, really. Just not at six in the morning when she had only had two hours of sleep.

After a few minutes of silence she was able to relax a little. Her anger was justified though; who likes being woken up at four in the morning only to immediately jump onto the next plane to bring her to a city she had never been before!? That one person she'd like to meet.

She really regretted staying up late last night just to watch that James Bond movie. Hell, the movie was great, but she was lacking hours of sleep now because of it.

Her annoyance continued when she tried to force her wild, orange curly hair into a ponytail only to fail miserably. She didn't even dare to look at the front mirror for her whole appearance was pretty much a mess.

"is everything alright, miss ?"

She looked at him, not really in the mood to talk. She just wanted to

fall asleep on the spot and dream about something sweet.

"yah yah" she answered, obviously signaling him she didn't want to talk.

Well, he didn't get it. He almost seemed to look for a reason to be able to talk to her. But who could blame him !? Her long, flowing hair, her blue eyes and a few freckles hidden under the tan of her skin made her look absolutely gorgeous. Not to mention the fact that her shirt wasn't exactly hiding her cleavage.

"you don't sound like you're from around here" he continued, sending her shy smiles through the front mirror whenever their eyes met, like now.

"A'm not" she looked away again, bringing her clothes back in order. Who knew a little run through the city could make you look like such a messâ€|

"oh, then-"

"can ya just take a hint ?!" she cut him off, not caring about her discourtesy, "A'm tired" He simply nodded, finally shutting up. When she saw her favorite shirt had ripped at the side, her anger reached her peak and she just gave up trying to fix her appearance. Wasn't like she knew anyone around here, so who caresâ€|

She let her body sink into the warm leather seat, not allowing her eyes to close for even a second. She knew if she did there was no way she'd be able to stay awake. And thus she forced her tired eyes to watch the city lights pass by her window. They were pretty, even she had to admit that, just a little too bright for her taste. They were perfect for trying to stay awake though.

The car took countless turns around streets she had never seen before, passing by building she had never heard of before. If she weren't this tired she'd be amazed by this city's beauty; the houses were covered in graffiti, which she considered more like art than the actual art in museums, all the cars had different colors, making the traffic jam at the opposite side of the street seem really colorful.

"this is our final turn, miss" the driver informed her, his voice showing that he wasn't sure if he was allowed to talk.

Now she felt a little guilty. She could have told him that in a nicer way before. So she decided to smile "thank ya" her eyes met his in the mirror "and please forgive ma discourtesy"

He returned her smile, not as shyly this time "oh no, it is no problem at all"

Maybe that guy wasn't so bad after all. And looking closely he wasn't too bad on the eyes. Under different circumstances she might have even flirted a little. She smiled. Who'd have thought that that guy'd be able to lift her mood.

"I'm sure you are going to be worth it" he said, still looking at her through the mirror but something was different this time.

"what do ya-" she stopped as the car finally took the turn and she saw that there was no hotel but a dark, rundown alley with nobody else in sight.

As the car came to a halt her suspicion grew and her instincts warned of danger.

The driver got out of the car and opened the door to the back seat. There was a gun in his hand, which he pointed at her head. "one sound, one attempt to get away and you're dead" his shyness from before had completely disappeared, his eyes showed that he was dead serious.

Slowly he crawled next to her, grinning like a hyena yet carefully paying attention to her every move. The first things his hands reached out for were her neck. Almost tenderly he caressed her, but the lustful look in his eyes told her that this man was by no means tender. Right now he only enjoyed his pray, like small licks before he would devour her whole. "I haven't had such a pretty one in a long time" he whispered, placing small kisses on her head and her cheek.

She didn't move a muscle, letting his hand slowly go through her long hair as his other hand pulled her closer. His lips moved on to her jaw, kissing her chin and then her neck, slowly moving lower. He halted when he arrived at her collarbone, looking up to her and smiled an evil smile. "you are shaking" he stated as if she didn't know that. Of course she did. "no need to be scared, I'm sure heaven will soon take you in"

the shaking got worse. He chuckled and tried to kiss her lips but she quickly turned her head to the side, leaving his lips at her cheek. Again, he smiled. "I like it when they resist"

she hardly paid any attention to his words, concentrating only on the cold metal pressed against her forehead. She knew any movement he didn't like or might consider dangerous could lead to her death. Her whole body shook.

As expected, he soon became rough as he bit down hard at her neck, making her squirm in pain.

_Damn, this asshole! He plans to leave marks!? _

Seeming to like her reaction he licked the wound, licked away the blood that trickled down her skin. She couldn't help but immediately be filled with disgust, feeling his tongue move down her neck.

Why the hell did she of all people have to take the taxi with the rapist as driver!? Damn, this was just her luck. And why today of all daysâ€¦|

A shudder went down her body as he moved lower, his hand pushing down her shirt as the other still pointed the gun at her. But before he did any more, he pushed her upper from a sitting to the laying position, being able to take a better look at her this way. And he also enjoyed being able to dominantly lean over her as they defenselessly had to obey him.

They would lay under him, begging and screaming as he explored their

bodies to their deepest. His hands being all over them as his lip would leave marks everywhere, after all, he had to mark his possession as his, no? He had always done that, even with his first victim. And then the absolute pleasure as their backs would arch when he pushed into them, not even considering going slow as they screamed or dug their nails into the leather seats. After he would be finished he wouldn't pull out just yet but put his hands on their neck and strangle them. He loved the way their insides would squeeze as they would scream in agony. And then, when this disgusting spark of life would leave their eyes he would finally come inside them.

What would this red-haired girl look like without this disgusting spark? He licked his lips at the thought as he looked deep into her eyes. Blue eyes, blue like the sky, his absolute favorite. She was his and his alone!

Or at least any other girl would have been. But he didn't know that. He also didn't know that this girl was the worst choice he possibly could he made. He didn't know that he would have been better off just dropping this girl off at the hotel.

The first thing he noticed was that her body was trembling so hard like no girl ever had in this situation. When he looked at her eyes he realized that she wasn't shaking out of fear but out anger. Her whole composure didn't show defeat but strength. But it was too late. She had finally found an opening.

Her knee thrust into his stomach his body was flooded with pain. Before he could even think about pulling the trigger she had already slipped through his feet and out through the car door he had left open.

Silent curses left his lips and he turned around to at least shoot as she would run away. At least that's what he had expected her to do, to run away. Well, not this girl.

She stood right in front of him, quickly catching the hand he was holding the gun with and bend it to a point he felt so much pain his fingers just couldn't keep hold of the gun. With a thud it fell to the ground, echoing through the alley.

When he looked up at her he felt a cold shudder move down his back. Who the hell was this woman!?

"you fucker!" she cursed as she bend his arm further until a breaking sound was heard. He screamed. Never before had he felt so much pain in his life. Tears started to fill his eyes.

Not letting go of his hand she took out her phone from the back pocket of her jeans. Quickly her fingers typed down the number of the police, explaining the situation to them in short sentences. After she had forced their current location out of the man (she just had to squeeze his arm a little) she hung up.

It was not three minutes after that the first police car arrived. She handed over the rapist not even bothering to explain that his right wrist was broken as she watched them handcuffing him.

_What a sissy. I only broke his wrist and he wasn't even able to resist after that. Does he even know what he made his victims go

through!? _

She shook her head in disgust no feeling the slightest bit of sympathy.

"are you okay, miss?" one of the officers asked, looking at her worriedly.

She smiled. Now that she had been able to vent out her anger a little she felt way better. She didn't tell him that, of course. "yah, A'm fine"

He looked convinced and suddenly patted her shoulder and started laughing "haha! Who would have guessed that a petite woman such as yourself would be able to just overpower a rapist like that!"

_Haha. _

She laughed dryly, feeling slightly offended by his words.

_Don't you dare underestimate me! _

And she was right. This girl was not to be underestimated. She may be just a little bit petite and maybe even a little small, but she was still the strongest in her unit! And that meant something! Not that he would know that.

When her eyes met her watch her whole body froze in shock.

_They are going to fucking kill me! _

She was four hours late by now!With her fellow work mates that meant death.

Explaining her situation to the officer he found it hard to believe her. Only after she managed to find her ID somewhere on the inside of her jacket did he believe her. His eyes went wide as he humbly apologized for his rudeness before and even offered her to drive her to the hotel himself. She would still have to come to come to the station later though, for her attestation to be logged.

She couldn't suppress a smile. People always acted completely different towards her after they had seen her ID. She gladly accepted his offer.

After another twenty minutes she finally arrived at the hotel. Turns out it was at the other side of the city. She regretted not having punched that fake taxi driver in the face.

When she hurried inside, pulling her luggage after her, she quickly checked in (her name had already been added to the list of hotel residents by her fellow work mates) and headed for the elevator. When the elevator doors closed a minute of silence lay down upon her.

After all the excitement- or rather, ager- she finally managed to calm down again, being able to breathe easy for now. Her tiredness finally caught up with her, making her feel the hours of sleep she lacked.

Gods, my head hurts.

Even more so when she thought of the scolding she's gonna get as soon as she'd open the door to where her work mates were waiting for her. Definitely not something to look forward to. She wished that the elevator would forever just keep going upwards, never stopping. A useless thought, she knew that. A ding resounded as the doors opened.

Hesitantly her feet left the elevator and headed down the passage, her eyes looking for the room number the woman at the reception had given her. Yet she wasn't too happy when she found it.

She nervously ran her hand through her hair, her fingers getting tangled more than once, as she stood before the door. The idea of running away, hiding, secretly quitting her job and starting a whole new life in a different country where no one knew her went through her head. Yes, she was that scared of the scolding. She quickly discarded the thought though. She loved her job and she even loved her work mates, just not when they had been waiting for her for almost five hours now. But this was something she had to go through.

With that resolution in mind she knocked at the door (in a special rhythm they used as code), immediately regretted it though as she heard the angry voices.

"Merida DunBroch, 009459" she silently identified herself for only the people on the other side of that door to hear, which was an absolute necessity at her line of work in order to avoid ambushes and traps. This number was something only she and her fellow workers knew, and it had to stay that way.

The door opened, revealing the angry face of a usually cute and friendly girl.

Guess 5 hours of waiting can make even her mad.

With her head held down Merida walked into to room, preparing herself for the scolding that was sure to follow. And it did.

Rapunzel was the first one to speak. "how could you make us wait for almost 5 freakin hours!? I told you over the phone that this was urgent!"

Merida flinched under the thunder of her angry friend's voice.

"you went to your home town again, didn't you!?" Rapunzel continued. One look at her red-haired friend confirmed her accusation "even though I told you to stay put! Can't you just listen for once or do I look like I'm talking to the wall over there!?"

Wow, this was even worse that Merida had expected. She doesn't think she had seen her friend that furious ever before. Then again, who wouldn't be after 5 hoursâ€¦!

Catching her breath Rapunzel ran her hand through her short, brown hair. She was long before finished when Jack took over.

"Do have the slightest idea of how much time we lost because of you

and your selfish actions!?" he yelled even louder than Rapunzel had, not giving a damn about disturbing the people next door.

Merida looked at him with annoyed eyes.

As if that bastard has any right to talk about selfish actionsâ€|

As you could have guessed, Merida and Jack don't get along too well. Their tempers just don't mix well with each other, that they had known from the first time they had met. So getting scolded by that same boy was quite frustrating and defeating for her.

"ya shut up! Who was it tha messed up so badly last week that we had ta clean up after ya, hah!?" she screamed back, not being able to stand being yelled at by that bastard.

"what does that have to do with anything!?" Jack was more than willing to fight right now, there was way too much anger dammed up inside of him.

"ya bastard-"

Hiccup, who mostly kept out of it, soon went in between. Sometimes he wondered why he always had to play peace-maker with his hotheaded friends (and usually Rapunzel helped him, but today she was pretty furious herself), but always did it.

"please" he said in a calm voice that the others couldn't help but feel a little calmer themselves "let's not fight any longer, I believe we have lost a lot of time. Let us now work hard together to make up for it!"

Nobody dared oppose his words. After all, he was the leader of the group. His calm and calculating nature made him have a positive influence on the others and even though he strongly dislikes taking responsibility for anything but himself he cared for his friends. All this gained him a lot of respect from the others. Besides, he may look like a fishbone, but he was pretty scary when angry. Merida had experienced it once and she'd rather not have it happen again. None of them did.

Signalizing them to sit down at the table he turned around again and unpacked his huge suitcase filled with files related to the case they had gathered all here for.

The three obediently went over to the table, placing themselves around it. Needless to say that Merida and Jack kept as much distance as possible. Hiccup snorted when he noticed but didn't say anything. These two were so childishâ€|

Without further delay he scattered the document on the table and handed copies of the most important data out to his teammates. All four of them looked over them silently, studying the information.

"so it's a rapist and murderer this time?" jack asked without looking away from the sheets.

"correct" hiccup replied "the one we are to take out this time is

called James McDough. He raped and killed six women over the past three months while posing as taxi driver to bring these women into deserted places where he can perform his "work". His eyes were dead serious when he looks at the others.

Only Merida had a look of very mixed feelings. And when she looked at the attached photograph of the man a long sigh left her lips. She let the papers fall onto the desk and massaged her temples "shit" could her day get any worse!?

The others looked at her in confusion. She really wasn't in the mood to explain everything, actually, she hadn't planned on telling them at all. Jack would have made fun of her for years if he knew that she had sat into a car with a rapist. God, how embarrassing! but not like she got a choice now.

"I think I just made our job a lot harder!" she whispered, staring down on that ugly face of his. Why didn't she just kill him back then!?

Sighing she told her story to her friends; that she had already "met" that rapist and handed him over to the police.

"you did what!?" jack yet again felt like he could explode from anger. He even had to put aside the fact that Merida had almost been raped. Well, he would come back to it later.

"I didn't know back then!" Merida defended herself.

"Do you know how much harder it is to get rid of someone who is already in the hands of the police!?" he hissed. He did know that he was being a little unfair, after all there really was no way she could have known when it all had happened. But he was still frustrated as hell.

Hiccup sighed again.

Well, this was an unexpected turn of events.

* * *

><p>okay, I hope you liked it (: please leave a review to tell me what you think!<p>

Regards~

End
file.